

Songs, Chorusses, &c.

I N

LOVE AND WAR.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PAID

Songs, Chorusses, &c.

IN

LOVE AND WAR,

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN

TWO ACTS.

(Altered from the CAMPAIGN.)

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE - ROYAL,

IN

COVENT - GARDEN.

LONDON;

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand, 1787.

AND W.A.D.

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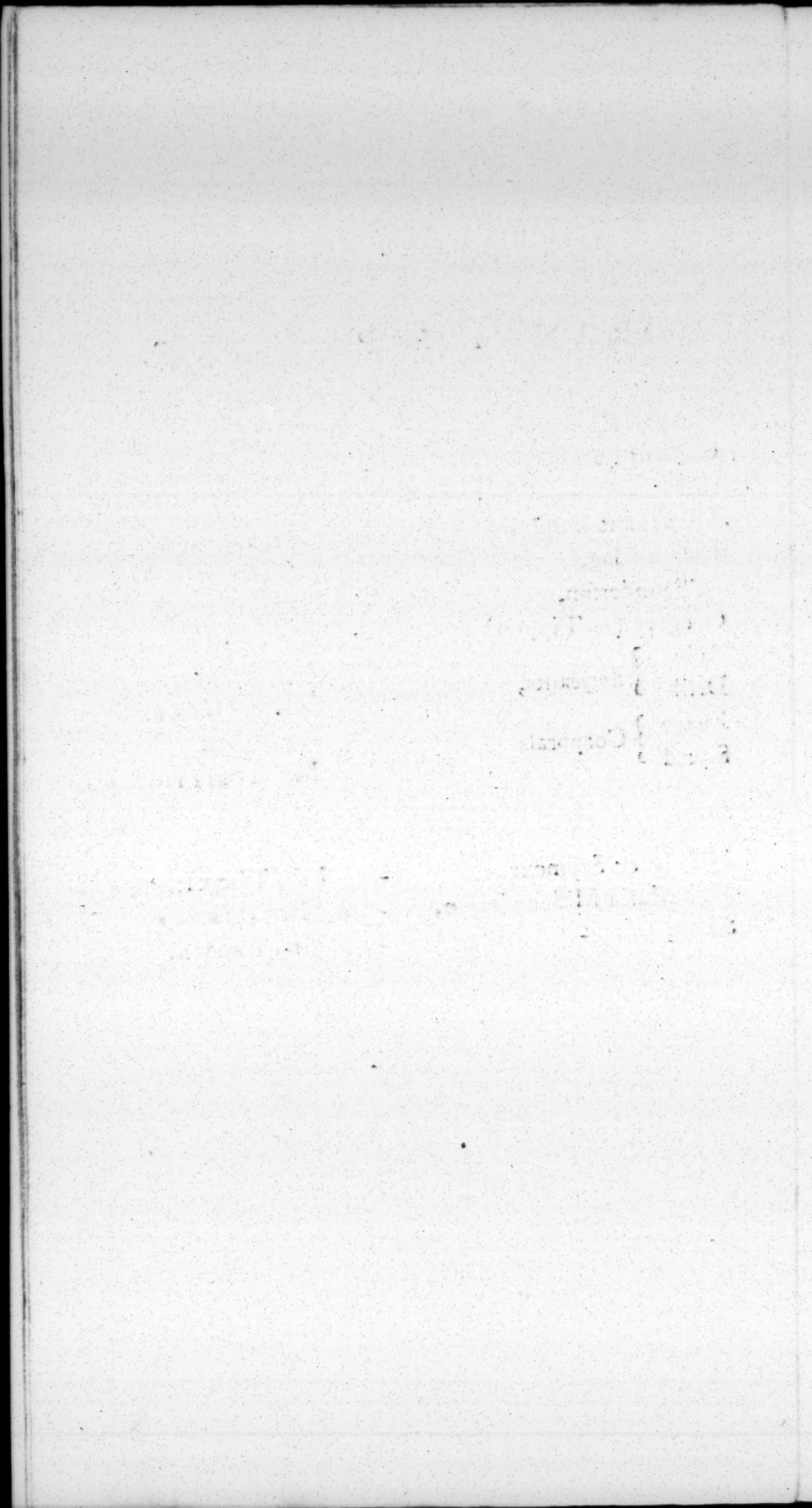
THE

THE

THE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

General Howitzer,	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Captain Farquar,	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Saib,	-	-	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Lieutenant Sulphur,	-	-	Mr. DAVIES.
Ensign Flag,	-	-	Mr. KING.
M'Saunderson,	-	-	Mr. FEARON.
Gregory (or Tippoo)	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Rifle	}	Serjeants,	Mr. DARLEY.
Drill			Mr. GAWDRY.
Fuzee	}	Corporals	Mr. ROCK.
Squad			Mr. CUBITT.
Miss Lucy Seymour,	-	-	Miss WILKINSON.
Miss Maria M'Saunderson,	-	-	Mrs. MARTYR.
Susan,	-	-	Mrs. BROWN.



LOVE AND WAR, &c.

A C T I.

CHORUS.—*Officers.*

WHEN glory invites us,
No danger alarms,
When honour excites us,
No pleasure has charms ;
Tho' beauty enthalls us,
Her raptures we fly,
When bright glory calls us
To conquer or die.

His country requiring, nor wit, wine, nor love,
The heart of a soldier from honour can move.
Tho' beauty may charm him, his bold deeds
proclaim,
Who fights for his nymph, yet will bleed for
his fame.

S O N G.

S O N G.—*Lucy.*

WHEN hope to raise the drooping heart,
With flattering prospects points the scene,
Weak is the bliss she can impart,
For hope is ever mixt with pain.

II.

Around the couch with roses spread,
Where the sweet nymph reclines her head;
Still her pale sisters doubt and fear,
With trembling pinions flutter near.

S O N G.—*Maria.*

YET know that pity's tender sighs
Can this soften'd bosom swell,
For when one faithful lover dies,
Thus I ring his knell:
Farewell, farewell,
Ding, ding, dong, bell.

But when another swain appears,
Doom'd to fill the vacant place,
I dry my eyes, for constant tears
Serve but to spoil the face.

S O N G.

S O N G.—*Farquahar.*

IN Carlow town there liv'd a maid,
 More fair than flowers at day-break ;
 Their vows contending lovers paid,
 But none of marriage dar'd speak.
 Still with a sigh,
 'Twas Oh, I die !

Each day my passion's stronger :
 When sprightly Nancy straight would say,
 You'll die, dear sir, the Irish way,
 To live a little longer.

II.

At length grown jealous, Venus cries,
 This pride is past all bearing ;
 And straight sent Mars down from the skies
 In from of Capt. Daring.
 First with a sigh,
 He cried I die—

The god found passion stronger :
 And sprightly Nancy still did say,
 You'll die, dear sir, the Irish way,
 To live a little longer.

III.

At length, like soldier bold he press'd,
 And quickly saw by Nancy
 The snow was thaw'd all in her breast,
 A soldier caught her fancy :
 With downcast eye;
 She breath'd a sigh,
 Her passions still grew stronger ;
 'Till Nancy was oblig'd to say,
 I'll die myself the Irish way,
 To live a little longer.

S O N G.—*Saib,*

SWEET is the blackbird's whistled note,
 Sweet the thrush's mellow song;
 While the wood-lark's liquid throat
 Pours the warbled strain along,
 Sweet the music of the vocal grove,
 Sweeter the voice of her I love.

S O N G.—*Gregory.*

KEEP off if you vex a woman,
'Till she gives her passion vent;
In her fury she spares no man,
But her tongue goes click and clack;
Click, click, clack; and ticka, ticke, tack,
'Till her rage in noise is spent.

II.

Women, when the fidgets seize 'em,
Ride on like a founder'd nag:
They are gentle, 'till you teize 'em;
Then their tongue goes, click and clack;
Click, click, clack; and ticka, ticke, tack,
'Till it can no longer wag.

D U E T T.—*Gregory and Susan.*

Greg. SUSAN, will you love me?

Suf. No, no, no:

Surely you have impudence all impudence exceeding.

Greg. You must kiss me, Susan.

Suf. No, no, no:

Marry set you up, Sir, I prithee let me go;

Think not that one of my breeding
Ever will descend so low.

Greg. Stay, my dear, you must not go;

Come, this anger all pretending,
Sure I know you love me.

Suf. No, no, no:

You'll see, Mr. Simpleton, what it will
end in.

Greg. Let us kiss and friends then:

Suf. No, no, no;

Never, never; Lord, how can you
tease a body so?

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

A C T

A C T II.

SONG, (*Rifle*) and CHORUS.

COME hither, all ye lads,
Who lead unhappy lives,
Whom bailiffs hunt, or duns molest,
Or scolding wives.
To the standard all advancing,
Drink in plenty, singing, dancing;
The drum calls away,
My lads no longer stay.

To the standard, &c.

II. All

II.

All ye to cruel masters
Bound in servile chains,
Who make you work
Like Jew or Turk,
And starve you for your pains.

To the standard, &c.

DUETT.—*Lucy and Saib.*

IF you would know what pain it is to part,
Ask, ask, this bleeding heart,
That almost breaks when I must leave thee !
To you I'll still prove true till death,
And then I'll spend my latest breath
In sighs, my love, that I must leave thee.

A I R.

A I R.—*Maria.* (*In Nina.*)

By Mr. O'Keffee.

GENTLE Lover, ah! turn thine eye,
Nor at me aim the sure piercing dart!
Ye breezes, ah! waft the fond sigh
To her who lays claim to his heart.

(*Pointing to Lucy.*)

Charm, charm for ever;
How! Me? No, never!
Ah, no! ah, no!
Cease, fond youth, to—please me so—

II.

So Thyrsis, to honor the May,
Ever nice in the flowers that he chose,
A sweet briar wou'd pull by the way,
As stretching to gather the rose.
Charm, charm for ever;
How! Me? No, never!
Ah, no! ah, never!
Cease, fond youth, to—please me so—

Q U A R-

QUARTETTO.

Farquar, Saib, Lucy, Maria.

WITH mirth and good humour, a dance, and
a song,
Let the eve, like the morn, glide with pleasure
along,
And night from our bosoms all cares shall
remove,
But the sweetest of cares—the soft tumults of
love.

A I R.—*Gregory.*

POUNDS, shillings, pence, and farthings, I
Have at my fingers end,
And how to sell and how to buy,
To borrow, or to lend;
But this, tho' I ne'er went to school,
My pate has run upon,
Addition be my golden rule,
Ha! Dot and carry one.

II. At

II.

At loss and gain a scholar good,
Right early was I taught
To gain of guineas all I cou'd,
To lose—the devil a groat;
For fractions and divisions, when
They practice sword and gun,
Subtract myself I will—and then
Ha! Dot and carry one.

III.

But words no more I'll numerate,
And thus sum total lies:
Of war no more I'll sing, or prate,
Reduction I'll despise;
And, if cockade and roguish eye
Has not my Susan won;
She's resolv'd to multiply,
Ha! Dot, and carry one.

D U, E T T.—*Maria, Lucy.*

Mar. Dear Sir,

Lucy. Good Sir,

Mar. Some tender pity take ;

Lucy. Forgive the guilty father,

Mar. If for his daughter's sake.

Lucy. Behold the gen'rous lion spare
The beast that he's laid low ;

Mar. Then, like your lion, oh ! forbear
To strike a fall'n foe.

Both. Soft Mercy, in a radiant beam,
Flows from the heav'nly throne.

Q U A R T E T T O.

All. Soft Mercy, in a radiant beam,
Flows from the heav'nly throne ;
And shines the brightest, fairest gem,
That deck's the Monarch's Crown.

F I N A L E

F I N A L E.

PEACE, mild Peace, on Seraphs wings,
Wafted o'er the distant main,
Every bliss propitious brings,
Pleasure sporting in her train.

War and frantic discord cease,
Cease to spread destruction round;
Drums redouble, trumpets sound,
To the welcome voice of Peace.

T H E E N D.

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